MOVNT-ORGVEIL:

OR

DIVINE AND PROFITABLE *MEDITATIONS*, RAISED FROM The Contemplation of these three Leaves of Natures Volume, 1. *ROCKES*, 2. *SEAS*, 3. *GARDENS*, digested into three distinct Poems.

To which is Prefixed, a Poeticall Description, of *Mount-Orgueil Castle* in the *Isle* of *Jersy*.

By VVILLIAM PRYNNE, Late Exile, and Close Prisoner in the sayd *Castle*.

A Poem of *The Soules Complaint against the Body*; and *Comfortable Cordialls* against the Discomforts of *Imprisonment*, &c. are hereto annexed.

Psalme 19. 14.

Let the Words of my mouth, and the MEDITATION of my Heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord my Strength, and my Redeemer.

Psalme 143. 5.

I remember the dayes of Old; I MEDITATE on all thy Workes; I muse on the Worke of thy hands.

LONDON,
Printed by *Tho. Cotes*, for *Michael Sparke Senior*, and are to be sold by *Henry Hammond* at *Saram*. 1641.

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TO
The Right Worſhipfull his ever Honoured worthy Friend, Sir *PHILIP CARTERET* Knight, Lieutenant Governour and Bayliffe of the *Iſle* of *Jerſy*.

SIR, Your great Favour and Humanity
To Me whiles Exile, Priſner in *Jerſy*,
Wholy ſecluded from all Friends acceſſe,
Under the angry Frownes of their Greatneſſe
Who ſent Me thither, to deprive me quite
Of worldly Comforts; challenge a juſt Right
To theſe rude *Meditations*, which there grew,
And ſo in Juſtice are your proper Due.
Accept them than, as a ſmall Pledge of my
Thankes unto You, till Oportunity
And better Dayes, enable me to finde,
Some other meanes to pay all that's behinde.

Your Eternally Obliged

Friend and Servant

WILLIAM PRYNNE.

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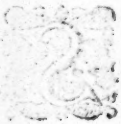

TO THE CHRISTIAN READER,

SHut up Close-Prisner in Mount-Orgueil *Pile,*
A lofty Castle, within Jersie Isle,
Remote from Friends, * neere three yeares space, *where I*
Had Rockes, Seas, Gardens *dayly in mine Eye,*
Which I oft viewed with no small delight,
These pleasing Objects *did at last invite*
Me, to contemplate in more solemne wise,
What usefull Meditations *might arise*
From each of them, my soule to warme, feast, cheare,
And unto God, Christ, Heaven *mount more neare.*
In which pursuite, I found such inward Joyes,
Such Cordiall Comforts, as did over-poise
My heavyest Crosses, Losses, and supply
The want of all, Foes *did me then deny;*
Give me assurance of a sweete Returne
Both from my Exile, Prison, *and mine* Urne:
Revive my cold dead Muse, *and it inspire*
Though not with brightest, *yet with* Sacred fire:
Some Sparkes *whereof rakt up in* Ashes *then,*
I layd aside, for want of Inke *and* Pen:
But now enlarged by the mighty hand
Of that sweete God, who both by * Sea and Land
In sundry Prisons, Countries, *kept me so*
In health and comfort, that I met with no

* I arrived in *Iersy, January* the 17. 1637. and received the Tydings of myenlargement thence by warrant from the Parliament *November* 17. 1640. the same day of the Moneth, I there first landed.

* Isa 43.2. Psa. 66.12. Ps.139. 9.10. Josh.1.5. 9.

One

To the Reader.

One day of Sickeneſſe, Sadneſſe, Diſcontent,
In * eight yeares Troubles, *and* Impriſonment:
(Which I relate, that all may bleſſe his Name
For his great Mercy, and expect the ſame
Support and Preſence of our God in all
Thoſe ſharpe Afflictions which may them befall,
As I have found, by ſweete experiment
To my ſurpaſſing Solace, *and Content:)*
I have blowne up theſe buried Sparkes a new,
And here preſent them to thy Chriſtian view,
(Kinde Reader) to the end that thou mayſt be
Refreſht with thoſe Thoughts, which refreſhed me,
And Steele thy Soule with Faith, Hope, Confidence,
Againſt all Carnall feares and diffidence,
With that which made Me to expect with joy,
That bleſt Enlargement I doe now enjoy.
From my long Durance, Cenſures, Baniſhment,
Which God hath made a freſh, ſweete Monument
Of his Almighty power, *that all thereby*
In all their Troubles and Adverſities,
May learne with Faith, Hope, comfort to depend
On God, who in due time Releaſe will ſend.
Thy Comfort, Profit is all I deſire,
Next to Gods glory; Lord, let thy ſweete fire
Of thy good Spirit by theſe Lines convoy
Such Flames of Love, zeale, Comfort, Grace, & Joy
Into each Readers *ſoule, that he may ſee*
Theſe Meditations *were inſpir'd by Thee.*
If any profit, fruit, thou from them gaine,
O pray for him, who ever ſhall remaine

Thy Unfained

Chriſtian Friend

William Prynne.

* I was firſt committed Priſoner to the Towre of London, Feb. 1. 1632. where after two removals to the Fleete for a ſhort ſpace, I remained Priſoner till July the 27. 1637. & was then removed to Carnarvan Caſtle in Northwales, where I arrived Auguſt the 5. and was there kept cloſe Priſoner till I was by ſpecial warrant ſhipped & ſent cloſe Priſoner for Jerſy, Octob. the 10. 1637. where I arrived not till January the 17. following. From whence I departed by Warrant from the Parliament, Novemb. 19. 1640. and landed at Dartmouth Novem. 22. came into London Novemb. 28. was preſented to the Commons Houſe Novem. 30 where my Petition was read Decem. 3.

A POETICALL DESCRIPtion of Mount-Orgueil Caſtle in the Iſle of Ierſy, interlaced, with ſome briefe *Meditations* from it's rockie, ſteepe, and lofty Situation.

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MOunt *Orgueil Caſtle* is a lofty pile,
Within the Eaſterne parts of *Jerſy Iſle*,
Seated upon *a Rocke*, full large & high,
Cloſe by the *Sea-ſhore*, next to *Normandie*;
Neere to a *Sandy Bay*, where boats doe ride
Within a *Peere*, ſafe both from Wind and Tide.
Three parts thereof the *flowing Seas* ſurround,
The fourth (North-weſt-wards) is firme rockie ground.
A proud *High-mount* it hath, a *Rampeir* long,
Foure gates, *foure Poſternes*, *Bulworkes*, *Sconces* ſtrong,
All built with Stone, on which there mounted lye,
Fifteene caſt peeces of Artillery;
With ſundry *Murdering Chambers*, planted ſo,
As beſt may fence it ſelfe, and hurt a foe.
A *Guard of Souldiers* (ſtrong enough till warre
Begins to thunder) in it lodged are;

Who watch and ward it duly night and day;
For which the King allow's them *Monthly pay.*
The *Governour*, if preſent, here doth lye,
If abſent, his *Lievetenant depnty.*
* F. H. * *A man of Warre* the keyes doth keepe, and locke
The Gates each night of this high towering Rock.
The Caſtle's ample, Aire healthy, and
The Proſpect pleaſant, both by Sea and Land.
Two *boyſtrous foes*, ſometimes aſſault with loſſe
This *Fortreſſe*, which their progreſſe ſeemes to croſſe.
The *Raging waves below*, which ever daſh
Themſelves in pieces, whiles with it they claſh,
The *Stormy winds above*, whoſe blaſts doe breake
Themſelves, not it, for which they are too weake.
For why this fort is built upon a *Rocke*,
(a) Mat. 7, 24, 25. *And ſo by* (a) *Chriſts owne verdict free from ſhocke*
Of floods and winds; which on it oft may beate,
Yet never ſhake it, but themſelves deſeate.
Thus potent Tyrants, whiles they ſtrive to quaſh.
(b) Pſ. 2. 9. Re. 2. 17. Mat. 21. 44. Chriſts feeble members, *oft* (b) *themſelves quite daſh*
To ſhivers, 'gainſt the Rocke Chriſt, upon whom
They ſafely founded ſtand what ever come.
A Rocke too high for floods to reach; too ſtrong,
Too firme for fierceſt winds to ſhake, though long
They beate upon it, with a roaring ſound,
And bluſtring ſtormes, to caſt it to the ground.
(*) Mount Orgueil, *ſignifies a proud Mount; or Mount of pride.* This Caſtles (*) *haughty name*, and lofty ſeat,
(Enough to puffe up minds not truly great,)
Portend at firſt, that pride it ſelfe ſhould dwell
Within it: or ſuch who in pride excell;
(c) Rev. 18. 7. Dan. 4. 26, 27, 28. Act. 12, 22, 23. Pſal. 73. 6. Ezek. 16. 49. Since *haughty* (c) *Tytles*, (d) *places too oft find,*
Or Make at leaſt a proud and haughty mind.
But though this vice in former times (perchance)
Might here reſide, and her proud throne advance;
(d) Obadiah. 3. Yet now ſhee's baniſh'd hence with all her traine,

And

And long be it ere ſhe returne againe.
Now nought but meekneſſe and humility
In mind and habit, mixt with charity.
(The *trueſt* (e) *enſignes of a noble Race*;
And pious heart) adorne this ſtately place,
Let worthleſſe upſtarts, beggers, peaſants vile
Be proud and haughty: this high mounted pile,
Poſſeſt by thoſe of better Birth, Blood, Place,
Ignoble pride ſhall never once Imbrace,
When Chriſt (g) *the patterne of Humility*
Would teach this virtue, to a (h) *mountaine high*
He forthwith goes: and thence exhorteth all
To ſeeke this grace; fly pride, by which they (i) *fall*,
Shewing hereby, that pride more oft doth dwell
In (k) *loweſt valleyes, and the meaneſt Cell*;
Than in the greateſt Mounts, Men, Minds; *who* (l) *hate*
This vice, and humble are in higheſt ſtate.
Whence can you better learne Chriſts leſſon now
Than in this Mount, where *Humbleneſſe* doth grow.
In great and ſmall, with other vertues bright,
Which grace theſe walls, and to the Iſle give light?
O let this Caſtle on a Rocke Inure.
Our ſoules to (m) *build on Chriſt, A Rocke moſt ſure:*
A Caſtle, Fortreſſe, Bulworke, Hold and Towre
Above the reach of Foes, or humane powre.
And let this Mount, up which we daily climbe,
Advance our thoughts to objects more ſublime;
Yea (n) *Mount our ſoules, hearts, minds, to things above*
The higheſt heavens, with the wings of love,
Faith, fervent prayers, ſighs, teares, Pſalmes of praiſe
Both day and night. Thus ſpending all our dayes
In (o) *heav'n whiles here on earth wee breath*; that ſo
Wee may *from* (p) *hence to it in triumph goe.*
What though *the way be* (q) *narrow, craggie, ſteepe*,
Up which we cannot runne with eaſe, but creepe

(e) Prov. 15. 33. c. 18. 12. Phil. 2. 5. to 10. Col. 3. 11. 1 Pet. 3. 5. Prov. 22. 4. Zeph. 2. 3.

(g) Mat. 11. 29. c. 21. 5. Phil. 2. 5. to 10.

(h) Mar. 5. 1, 3, 5, 7.

(i) Prov. 16. 18. c. 29. 23. Ma. 25. 11. c. 28. 1. 3. Dan. 4. 37. 26. to 30. Jam. 4. 6. Zeph. 2. 10.

(k) Iſa. 3. 5. 1 Tim. 3. 6.

(l) Prov. 8. 13.

(m) Eph. 2. 20. 21, 22. Mat. 7. 24, 25. 1 Pet. 2. 4, 5, 6. Pſal. 18. 1, 2.

(n) Col. 3. 1, 2. 3 Theſſ. 5. 16, 17, 18, 23. Col. 3. 16, 17.

(o) Phil. 3. 20. Eph. 2. 6.

(p) Luk. 16. 22.

(q) Mat. 7. 14. Luk. 13. 24.

With paine and toyle, encountring (r) *ſundry foes,*
Great croſſes, loſſes, and a world of woes;
The top once wonne, is pleaſant; where the *Gaine*
A (ſ) Thouſand-fold ſurmounts our loſſe and paine,
There ſhall we ever dwell *in* (t) *perfect joy;*
Free from all dangers that may us annoy;
(u) *Crowned with bliſſe and glory, which* (x) *tranſcend*
Our largeſt thoughts, and never know an end.
Thither Chriſt bring us, whoſe *moſt* (y) *ſacred blood*
Hath purchaſed Heaven, for our *Endleſſe good.*

(r) Act. 14. 22. Rev. 7. 14. 1 Theſſ. 3. 4.
(ſ) Mat. 19. 29. 2 Cor. 4. 17.
(t) Pſ. 16. 11. Iſa. 51. 11.
(u) 2 Cor 4 17. 2 Tim. 4. 8.
(x) 1 Cor. 2. 9.
(y) Revel. 1. 5. Heb. 9. 12. c. 10. 19.

FINIS.